Yellow Men Sleep

By JEREMY LANE

THE DESERT GUARDS

and Mary March. DEPOSITE BASE 1265 FIG. 49 ht & Fill Michigan Star. to are 2 for fact with the a street landing and per nucleys writes forces. The Martins its in task to get the height with the land hard hard beginning to be the property and the present and the streets. specia in cast to the Norths. May give to the topical and to Office and will train the bid with the winder that The folder territory from the winder to the territory to t topaco farmed on gries up to philarworld and is asked for the things to station March What the line to Deep a They have to have a Thirteen may it the bound agent, where is present a price to Andrew Marris, then a few points and the second trees a few points and taken Marrish with all the first thank to a second to be a secon When you man this had proceed of the angle of the shad for a process of the shad for a process of the shad for a process of the shad for the shad fo Perchant they are moving the same designation on negot fails with Andrew March and starts on the motion evidents with a paramet. After would of defining travel by teaching the limit element of to see the second a reducat to the Real Principle of the Control of State of

CHAPTER V-Continued.

When the night was well adounced, strings were atill splice.

March stook his head and at dawn. Ther studied their map, and held a studiting. He too, but toon watching the preparations. He had shot in the hir, but both the yellow men felt facegold, gave them two big draws at the Water-large, and started them off togetter, engward. Simpoung was above, within an lang distance.

"I should have known better," he

They did not see the old Chinese, who would no doubt make a wide de-



A Gun Cracked, and March Turned Sharply to See Con Sitting Up From His Blanket, His Gun Smoking.

tour before touching the real traff. The country, although perfectly open and without trees, was irregular, From the hillocks of naked earth one could see for leagues in the four directions, but no Chee Ming.

Th

They paced the camels through the morning, haited for a long poon, and continued into the evening. At sun on without change, down of this second day on the wind. The silver-haired friend sometimes

rose, with its meaning ruitle of sand. | hummed to himself, ending with a nt it died before dark,

At dawn they started again. The desert was less tilly, but great rocks ; smorred from the sand, and here were glittering ligards in the morning light. still atteep. The heavens were glassy. A wild held from the northwest, and the countils of the bogsts were study to bleeding by the sand. Get had softed into Con's ciething, next to his March. with, and riding was a hardship. Dust grated in his teeth-

That night Andrew March lit the watch-fire and it was Con's time for slive. Their world was empty, soundher infinite, unknown. March did not call Levington at two in the mort-A., as named, but permitted his young friend to sleep until dawn. None rould have known the reveries of this unusual man in the mideight hoursthoughts as remote us the stars, and it: bard to gage. He had leved life. and the exceeds of it had been taken from him leng age. It had been diffiends for him to pass through Poking. city of his hirth and earliest influence. The queet that had drawn his father Eteption as a for across the American piolois innertl errors the Pecific, and not coward to China, Politing and the dread She Mo was sepongth late the very teature of the mind and woul of the wm. Andrew: The yearning of his mother was weeks there, also, as she had hoped, tored, proposi, resented and finally mourned for Stephen until is returned, late by two years. This Gold desert mastered him. The heart of Chita would not let him go. He could not live down the terrors that Petting how stamped upon him in infancy. Now he looked long at Con. sleeping heside the fire, relexed, green, foll breathing structur, semething boyleft and pure about him. Andrew Moreti's eyes abut against sudden terrs. He arese sliently and walked out away from the careels, so far that the fire was only a red spark to him.

The night spaces whilepered in vague conspiracy. At daybreak the whole world wisk without color, only dead gray bills and guilles, rocks and 3 student and vacant air. Levington wakened, glanced up at Andrew, who was making the morning ten; and it seemed as if the nir works powdered. with the delicate rooty avenue that Conassociated with John Levington and rear eleven by a whote man's rection- all number of evil fate. Then he ing thes went into camp, and the rentired that the faint spice of it was clinging about March. He said noth-"Will they get used to it?" asked for but it was a black moment for

before can't was broken roused hims field compass beads in Their diffiself from a light when to find the cutty was to hold a direction by resdrivers in secret medicity. It rather not of the twisted formation of desert looked as if they were trying to get surfaces. Each crocked line of rise the eye, and the r and March turned sharply to see Con | persisted in staying low, preferring to willing up from his blank-t his curbine | pass around a hill rather than take the safe straight line nerves it. March was watchful, usually silent, For their third camp they halted in a downward upon the sand. March went | little valley wedge, out of the gale. to them at once, paid then well to All night the sand sifted in upon them. like gray snow, but this was preferable to facing the whip of it on the levels

The fourth day they saw a different formation of rock. Closer, it showed they rode westward, and to the north. to be the collapse of a city, yet one in no wise related to the villages they had left behind, for these buildings had once been of solid gray rock, Strangely, through a crack in the middie of a slob came the greenish-yellow line of a flame. It was gas from the again, and still they were able to cross lepths of the world, and it burned dowly, waster like a transparent plume in the sheltered place. Of all that city of long ago, this eternal flame remained.

The wails and been shaken down with tetrible uge; every block of stone. was rounded smoothly by the blowing like shadowy butterflies. Con never sand. The original level of the city and been much below the present, Levington shivered. He felt around him the faded life of another time. They were like the nimble hands of lingering human shadows tied to the stones. March moved solemnly over the tumbled pile, pausing before the languid green fire issuing from the rock. In the emptiness overhead they saw a bird, high up and black, sailing steadily, watching these two white intruders upon his dominion, seeming to wait with perfect patience until they should perish, and leave to him once fore the crumbling, forgotten empire.

Now, the black bag contained a saving grace—the razor, a holy instrument, keen with decency. Con rubbed bit of fat over his jaws and scraped with unction. - Water was too precious to waste in lather. The oil was tolerable and cleansing. His cheeks were aut, the line of chin and jaw vividly marked. Sometimes his thoughts seemed about to surprise the ending of the story that Bill the cook had not finished that night in Elopura harbor, Sometimes he talked to March of the mother he had never known. Yearning came to the surface, eagerness for far tralls and nameless destination. Distance was to him like the thought of home to other men. The horizon, shrouded afar, drew him on.

In this rhythm of desert travel, his body did not wear down any further but went into a state resembling that of the prairie wolf, who goes on and

shudder; or stared into the living ethere of twilight until his eyes would glow like squeet fire.

"It seems to me," said Con, "that we are always bear some one, some other traveler, not Chee Ming. I don't anow how to explain it. Other travel ers-other kinds of travelers."

"Where are they going?" asked

"Are you laughing at me?" "Judge for yourself," replied the elder man, and his manner conveyed

or pleasantry. "Well, what do you hear, when the wind goes past?" pursued Levington "On the dust, I suppose, grating." "Did you ever hear the rumble of

wheela?" "I'm not saying."

Their path touched another, smaller ruln, more deeply sunken. One of the great blocks of stone remained on to unbroken. This ancient city had been builded upon a river, for the course of it was still outlined between erosters A gray skintly retaining all its treety



Riders Were Down Upon Them, an Avalanche of Ferocity.

sockets stared forever eastward. Andrew March regarded it thoughtfully

"This Mongqi was a good boy, but he's a modern compared to the rest of this."

"I said we weren't always slone," Only a few stones were here in tiew, and a river-hed long dry; yet Con prered about uncertainly. Old violence furked in the synships.

The sand was changing in tint as showing patches of rust color. Small cliffs raised above the shallows, their strata bronze and a flaky blue.

Through long days they traced out the route indicated upon the map. The moon dimunished and darkened off the angles of the parchment only a bit at a time.

On certain evenings the northern horizon seemed to shift and crawl. Far flying shapes peopled the hills on the world's rim. Smaller presences. too, darted away from the watch-fire, quite saw these things. They always moved just out of range of vision, and he could never turn sharply enough. old Chinese Bill.

"Why are you staring at me?" he asked of March.

"What do you see?" countered the

"Nothing," said Con. "That's what I thought," laughed

But his laughter was empty, and it seemed oddly to be enught up by the breathing of the camels, and then toss- and all their differences are adjusted ed out overhead,

"I suppose that rushing cloud off there is the dust," said Levington af-

"No doubt," replied March, "but I

In the fifth week they found water. a little greasy marsh. Thus far there had not been one glimpse of Chee Ming, and there were no signs here. Eight more days westward, some

times to the north, and they reached a spring of clear water. The beasts cried and sucked and trembled. Other camels had been here before them, recently; their marks were in the mud. If the map had been gaged properly, Con perceived that they were nearing

A starving wolf sidled in toward the water-hole. He had never learned fear. He stalked the led camels and lazily found his position to leap, when they shot him. The camels were in

Beyond, there were no more runs above the surface. The sky belonged to another world. These plains and ridges of red sand were the husks of the planet. Levington's eyes sched with the distances in the glare of day sun. Two of the camels were killed. to provide sustenance for the others, and the two men shared with the bearts.

Now the high winds came in a bruising torrent, as if the elements had turned enemy, and this was their threat. The beasts gave up, and were driven into a roaring gully where the blast was broken somewhat. It whined and rushed overhead, and began to bury them with sand.

In this choking confusion the capture came quickly-a totef affair in which the white men were too late with their guns. Bliders were down upon them, an avalanche of ferecity. The storm had obscured their coming. On horses demoniac and primal they had sped down through the sundstorm as if it were an April rain. These were monster men with silvery eyes. was perched upon a point of rock, and | Their beards were hanging mats of sand, their mouths caked with dust, Close-fitting leather beimets enlarged their heads.

> Leather thongs whipped out and circled Con's arms, and he was helf less. In a moment strong hands werd undressing the white men. The frightened camels were being driven tway. The strangers worked in a terrous heat, changing a song or prayer. their voices mingling with the savage wind. Everything was taken from the prisoners, and dagger points were sent ripping through their gurments.

> March was shooting, pleading with ch offers, but he received no replyonly his rained clothing. Then the resainder of the party leaped and spurred their hairy beasts up the slope. The showering sand hid them again. Lexington's face and shoulders were camb with the politing of little stones, It was all finished in a moment.

"Are you all right?" asked Marsh.

"Yes. They didn't leave anything." With extreme difficulty the two travelers stopped into and adjusted their rage. The map was gone, clong with guns, gold, camels, previsions, water, and all sense of direction. Their eyes were red with pain. The riders might materialize out of it a not to occur to him that at the very second time.

not have found us in this weather," and in much greater danger. said March, bitching the remains of his traumers to a bit of shirt.

cheer the other. The actual situation was too plain. Levington added:

"At least we seem to be in the right peighborhood." "We can wait here until we get

straight by the stars," said March. "I maintain that we did fairly well, to have come this far before they found

March pretended not to notice the trembling of his voice. Both were busy with new ways of assembling initiered garments. Then Con saw

that his friend was smiling. "Boy," said March, "we may not find much to eat or drink, but we are not

quite done for." Levington nodded without comprehending, and his companion added:

"We are not altogether lost," "How Is that?"

For answer, March balanced himself ngainst Con's shoulder, and lifted up one foot, as if to look at a bruise, and dusted it carefully. A duplicate of the map was clearly tattooed on the sole of his right foot.

The Gray Sentinel saves the lives of Con and March.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The men who work in the Cornish tin mines are a class by themselves, by the stannary courts, as they are called from the Latin word stannum. These curious courts have existed in their present form since the middle of the thirteenth century, and, in a simpler form, much earlier; and the miners claim to be free from all other jurisdiction, "except in matters affecting the land, life or limb."

A Failure in Life.

A sad story reaches us from Southwest London. It appears that a girl of twenty attempted suicide because she realized she was too old to write either a popular novel or a book of poems.-From Punch, London,

Redeemed Early Failure.

Thomas Chambers, the noted missionary and preacher, was the despair of his school teacher. Another famous preacher, Isaac Barrow, was so slow and quarrelsome that he was counted a disgrace to the school



"I feel it my duty to write you a letter thanks for your wonderful Partietter

KEEP TROUBLES TO YOURSELF The World, as a General Thing, Has

Little Use for the Man Addicted to Self-Pity.

The trenble with the man in a little trouble is that he is inclined to pity penser of gold and dinnends, in his bimself and imagine that he is the most suave and charming roice. "Im only man who ever had a trouble;

wind blustered in dry fury, as if the britation is his own burden. It seems toy shop around the corner." moment he is wreating with his diffi-"They must have had us in view all culty thousands of people around him Trouble, anythow, is a part of the

game of life. Nobedy ever west any-"Those horses weren't real," said where or did anything worth while want to leave "Those horses weren't real," said without theeting it in one form or anCon. "And how did they get me all without theeting it in one form or anexpectat, and come to see you again thef up with leather before I could other. Let others pity you if they draw? will, but den't naste any time pitying They spoke with levity that was not yourveil. The chances are that your felt each hoping by his enimness to hext door neighbor would be tickled to death if such croubles as you have were all he had to worty about -- Ex-

Furniture Oil.

To renovate scratched furniture, mix together in a bettly equal quantities of the heat shind oil and vinegar. dip it into the solution and rub welldisappeared. Then polish with anwith the result.

A widow who marries a bachelor be-

MIGHT TRY THE TOY SHOP

Certainly Youthful Swain's Income Didn't Run to Anything in Gold or Diamond Line.

A flashily dressed, effectinate young man entered a jeweler's sleep, and to glib speech informed one of the immarginte assistants that he wished to survises a birthday present for his secutioners.

No. he remarked, he hadn't any idea as to what he really wanted, but whatever it might be, he declared emphaticelly, it must be a suitable token of his reteves, and at the some time roose within the possibilities of his income.

"And what," inquired the assumpt, "if I may ask the question, is your in-

"Fifteen delizer a week," was the prompt reply.

"In that case," remarked the disafraid you're come to the wrung place; All he can see in the moment of his you're more likely to be suited at the

Somewhat Spoiled Argument.

and clother, plenty of traveling about, and once you've board you'll never

Recruiting Sergeant-You've got to make up your mind on the spot, if there's any business doing. I'm wetting every minute to get descobilized Diversit.

Honey Yield Higher.

The average yield of surplus honey to 1919 was let pounds to a colony of honey less, as estimated by the barrent Shake vigorously, then it is ready to of crop estimates, United States deuse. Take a small pad or soft rag, purtment of agriculture. This is considerably above the average of 45 into the wood until all scratches have pounds in 1918, and of 41 % pounds for the five years, 1913-17. The relative other soft rag. You will be delighted proportions in which the honey of the last two years was marketed are indicated by 30 for extracted honey, 31 for comb honey, and 10 for bulk honey. comes a teacher in the school of ex- About one-third of the product goes to "outside" markets.

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